The Liberalist

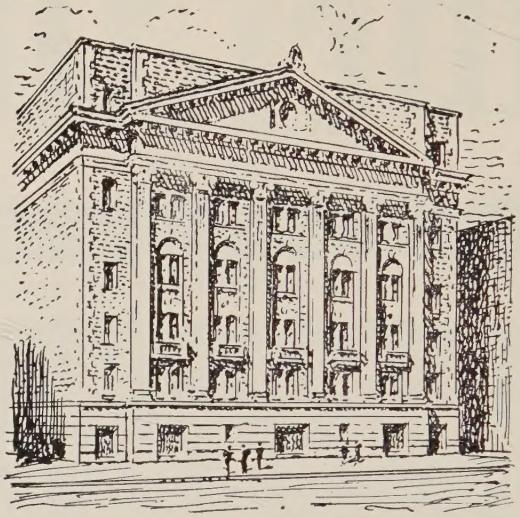
VOLUME XXXIII APRIL, 1956 Number 1

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

From The Linnet

Upon this leafy bush
With thorns and roses in it,
Flutters a thing of light,
A twittering linnet.

—WALTER DE LA MARE



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
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Spring Rhythm

Shining wet pavements in the sunlight flashing—
O friendly Spring, are you here once again?
Birds all a-chattering, tiny feet pattering,
Buds glossy new after torrents of rain.

Heart worn with sorrow through life's dreary winter,
Bounding with joy to feel warmth where it lies;
Eyes red with weeping o'er earth's bitter reaping,
Lifted with laughter to sunny blue skies.

So then remember, as spring follows winter,
Joy follows sorrow in cycle again;
Sorrow and grieving, weary heart leaving.
Joy returns too as the sun follows rain.

E. Doris Spencer

44TH YEAR OF DR. PRESTON BRADLEY'S PASTORATE

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM glad this day is over! It has been one of the most hectic and upsetting days I have ever known. Early in the Fall, June and I planned to take a little rest before Easter. For many years I always took a rest after the arduous activities of Holy Week and Easter. Last year we went before Easter and found that the renewal of energy carried us through Holy Week. I am convinced it is the wisest method. The question was, what shall we do and where shall we go in order to get the maximum amount of rest? I am thoroughly convinced that instead of driving one's self to the point of exhaustion and then finding it imperative to rest, it is a much better program to rest and relax more frequently. Nothing refreshes, restores and invigorates both of us like a sea voyage does, so we thought we would find a trip which would give us the maximum number of days at sea, without too much energy being wasted in sight-seeing. We were both thrilled when we learned that the "Mauretania" was to make a 17-day cruise to the West Indies. The only place in the West Indies either of us ever visited previously was Havana, Cuba. With that exception the whole trip would be new. Another lure which wooed us for this trip was that it would be made on our favorite ship, the "Mauretania." I have crossed the Atlantic on the "Maury" as she is affectionately called

February 17th at Sea

by those who know her best many times and June has crossed on her twice. Our decision to take this cruise was one not at all difficult to make, and it was a joyful moment for us both when word came from Mr. Kurt Proud, who is head of the Travel Department of the Chicago Motor Club, that agreeable accommodations had been made for the cruise; and we started planning.

Taking seventeen days out of a busy life requires a great deal of adjustment, for many of my engagements are made weeks and months ahead. We were fortunate in that two speaking engagements which were most important during that time could be postponed to a later date and, by the persuasion of Mrs. Harrison, our most efficient church secretary, the calendar was completely cleared. The trip entailed being away three Sundays instead of two, which I did not like very well. I have long felt that the absence from the pulpit two Sundays in succession was enough, but inasmuch as through the years I have been quite faithful to the pulpit I felt that an exception could be made this year. Then the problem was getting someone to occupy the pulpit for the Sundays I was to be away. In the past the Reverend Waldemar Argow, minister of the Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, had filled our pulpit acceptably. I called him immediately by long distance and Mr. Argow accepted the invitation. Dr. Wallace Robbins, the Associate Dean of the University of Chicago Chapel and President of the Meadville Theological School of the University of Chicago, accepted the invitation for the third Sunday.

Tonight we are at sea, sailing down the Atlantic Coast on our way to Nassau in the Bahamas. Seated at the writing desk in our stateroom I am almost too exhausted to write about this day which is closing. We sailed this morning at 11 o'clock from Pier 90 in New York. Thursday evening I was giving a lecture for the Woman's Club in Paris, Illinois. I rode all night, arriving in Chicago yesterday morning. I had not packed one single thing and spent the morning getting ready. I left Chicago at 11:30 yesterday morning, arriving in New York this morning at 6:40.

June did not want to break into her teaching schedule any more than necessary so she concluded to finish a complete day on Friday afternoon, and was to fly to New York that evening, going to the Commodore Hotel. I was to arrive this morning at 6:40, go to the Commodore Hotel, have breakfast with her and then we would both go aboard the "Mauretania." Imagine my excitement when, on arriving at the Commodore this morning on time, expecting to find June there, she had not arrived and had not registered. I spoke to the registration clerk and also to the information desk, telling them of my dilemma, and went in to have a bite of breakfast, telling them where I was and to page me immediately if they received any information. By 9 o'clock I received a message which Mrs. Bradley had telephoned from Chicago, saying that the plane she was to get at 9:30 was not going to leave until 4 o'clock in the morning because of weather conditions. This later flight too was cancelled. Finally, after going to both city airports, being up all night, she was able to get a flight, and her message to me was: "The flight is leaving but I do not know whether we will land at Boston or New York. All depends on weather conditions." The weather was terrible. Planes were grounded everywhere. The ship was to sail at 11 o'clock. I was walking the lobby of the Commodore Hotel and finally I was paged and, going to the phone, June said, "Here

I am at La Guardia Airport at last!" It was then after half past nine. I said, "Take a cab and go direct to the boat. I will take the baggage and leave immediately and will see you at the pier." This I did, but the agony was not yet over for twenty minutes before the ship was due to sail she had not arrived. I thought to myself "I will take the ship anyway and she will probably fly to Nassau if she misses the boat and join us there." Finally, as I stood on the pier, she appeared, and smiling graciously as though nothing had happened said, "Here I am and everything is well."

We went aboard and stood on the promenade deck overlooking the bow and soon the "Mauretania" started backing slowly away from the pier and there settled down upon us a great feeling of appreciation and a deeper understanding of Shakespeare's oft quoted adage "All's well that ends well." It was rainy, blustery, sleety weather, a slight fog hung over the harbor, and as we went out into the Atlantic and felt the deep roll of the majestic sea and turned toward the South, we knew that every hour would bring us nearer to blue skies, sunshine and quiet waters. Tonight there is a slight roll, and already in these few hours in which we have been going down the Atlantic seaboard the weather is beginning to moderate. We are both tired and the rest to which we are looking forward will be most welcome.

* * *

When one is going to be at the same table three times a day for seventeen days with others whom one has never met, he always looks forward with a certain amount of curiosity as to whom his table companions will be. We were never more fortunate than we were with the group who had been assigned to our table. Every time I have crossed the Atlantic on a Cunarder, and I have crossed on the "Mauretania," the "Queen Mary" and the "Queen Elizabeth," I have been honored by being invited to sit at the Chief Engineer's table. Not even excepting the Captain's table, it is I think the most interesting table on the ship. So when we entered the dining room for the first time on the cruise, the dining room manager said, "Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, you are to sit at the Chief Engineer's table." We were delighted, thinking that we would again be at the table of our dear old friend, Chief Engineer Bain, but we soon learned that he had retired just previous to the cruise and his place had been taken by Chief Engineer J. B. Johnston, of Southampton, England.

The Chief Engineer doesn't appear at the table usually the first day out, because of his duties, but when he did appear and we had the opportunity of meeting him, we found him to be one of the most interesting personalities and one of the most gracious and kindly men we have ever met. Every meal which we had with him, every occasion during shipboard life when we were with him, and the many occasions on which he entertained us in his own quarters on the ship will be remembered always. Like all men who follow the sea he has a sense of perspective, an understanding of values, a rugged integrity and an appealing genuineness and sincerity. Facing the dangers and hazards of great waters always produces a type of person who sees through the foibles and effervescence of so much of life. They are dealing with reality all of the time and this is reflected in their own character and impregnates itself in their own personality.

I think our table on the cruise was the happiest on the whole ship, for these people whom we had never seen before, during the seventeen days we

were together became dear friends and I am sure the friendships we made will deepen with the years and we look forward to seeing them, not once again but often!

At our first meal, when we were introduced, I of course felt a little more at home immediately when, as we were presented to Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bard, of St. Louis, Missouri, Mr. Bard said, "I am a former Chicagoan and used to listen to you on the radio Sunday mornings and I am very happy to meet you and to know you and to know we are to be at the same table." Mr. Bard is head of one of the great industrial organizations of the country and Mrs. Bard's deceased former husband was one of the great physicians and surgeons of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Bard had met in St. Louis and we were delighted to learn that this was their wedding trip. Both had lost their companions of the years and had found the inexpressible happiness of finding each other with whom to share the later years of life. More charming and delightful people we have never met.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Turner, of Millburn, New Jersey, were the other couple at our table and I haven't words to describe our full appreciation for their companionship and friendship. Both had taken this West Indies cruise many times. Mrs. Turner is one of the most buoyant, enthusiastic, scintillating women I know, while Mr. Turner has a personality and an attitude all his own. Without doubt he was the most friendly man on the ship. Everybody soon knew him. His graciousness, his warmth, his kindness, his understanding and his ever-present willingness to help everyone was known to all on shipboard. He was usually up with the dawn, he loved the ship and frequently said to me that he wished we were going to spend all the time at sea and never even visit a single port. I have never known a man who loved a ship and the sea more than Mr. Turner. Mrs. Turner took an active part in the social life aboard the ship, as did Mr. and Mrs. Bard. In this phase of shipboard life June and I did not participate to any great extent. It was rest we were after.

Mrs. Turner won first prize for wearing the most artistic costume at the Fancy Head Dress and Costume Ball which was held the last night at sea, in which she went as "The Good Fairy." Tall, graceful, winsome, a coronet upon her head and a silver wand in her hand, she presented a striking picture as she stood under the spotlight before the judges.

The other member at our table was Mrs. Charles Ogilvy, of Mamaroneck, New York. Mrs. Ogilvy had visited the West Indies many times and it was always interesting to hear her comments on the places she knew so well. She left the "Mauretania" at the Panama Canal and the evening she left the ship she invited Mrs. Bradley and me to have dinner with her at the Washington Hotel in Cristobal. There we just missed seeing Peron, for that was the hotel where the Argentine dictator was seeking asylum when he was ordered out, just a few hours before we arrived. This hotel is subsidized by the United States government and the mystery is why he was ever accepted in the hotel to begin with. I understand it created quite a furor in the United States. We just missed him and there was a great deal of excitement around the hotel and we talked with people who had seen him often while he was there. Mrs. Ogilvy is a highly cultured and gracious personality. She was going to remain in Cristobal for a few days and then take a ship to Port au Prince, Haiti, where she was to spend the rest of her holiday.

These, together with Chief Engineer

Johnston, comprised our table and the memories of these friends, of whom we have become so fond, will linger with us all the rest of our lives.

There are two other families who are very dear friends of ours and we were delighted to know that they were on the ship. Mr. and Mrs. Archer L. Jackson, of Evanston, through our invitation changed from another cruise ship which was to leave the day before the "Mauretania" and secured accommodations on the "Mauretania" in order to take the trip with us. Unfortunately table assignments had been made before we knew what they were or where they were, and we were deprived of the pleasure of being at their table. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were with us last year on the "Cheroqui" when we went to Cuba and Guatemala. They have become dear friends and we hope to see much of them. Mr. Jackson is a well known contractor and builder in Chicago and you have all seen his name on many of the large construction activities in our city. They are both people of refinement and understanding, with a warmth in their hearts which makes it a pleasure to be with them. We had many, many pleasant hours together afloat and ashore. The other Chicagoans whom we knew are very dear to us, Mr. and Mrs. Hilding Anderson, the well known attorney and Master in Chancery, and president of the Medinah Country Club. Mr. Anderson and I resemble each other physically and the similarity is often spoken of among our mutual friends. In fact, several times on the ship he was taken for me and I was taken for him, all of which inspired me to have sympathy for him. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are often in our church and the friendship which existed before the cruise was only deepened by the experiences we shared on this most interesting trip.

In speaking of fellow passengers, I had the opportunity of meeting many times during the trip Miss Jane Priscilla Sousa, the daughter of the famous band director, John Philip Sousa. We shared many experiences of her father because during the first world war he had the band at our Great Lakes Training Station of over 300 musicians, and I remember during the war many occasions when I was speaking and John Philip Sousa and his band played the musical program. One such occasion was in the Auditorium of Grand Rapids which I recall vividly during the war, and there were other occasions in which we appeared together. Miss Sousa is a very old lady now, but charming and delightful. She is somewhat incapacitated with an arthritic condition and travels with a companion, but she went ashore at every port, participated in all the activity of shipboard life and was really the "sweetheart of the ship." She told me many interesting stories of her celebrated father. I suggested that she should write them for they should be preserved. I do not know whether there has ever been a life of John Philip Sousa written, but he certainly is a subject for some biographer. At some of the ports it was necessary to go ashore by tender and we all had to go down the ship's ladder into the tender below. I remember specifically in one port where the gangway was cleared and Miss Sousa was carried down the ladder onto the tender, and smilingly she went through the experience. It was in the Harbor at La Guaira, which is the port leading to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. Just before the ship arrived in Kingston from the Panama Canal, the grapevine carried all over the ship the news that Miss Joan Crawford would join the ship at Kingston, Jamaica. With the traditional curiosity of most Americans for movie stars,

everybody on the ship was excited—with a few exceptions. She boarded the ship with a little dog in her arms and remained very inconspicuous, conducting herself with great gentility during the whole trip. She displayed no swank, nor did she attempt to impress anyone with her glamour or her stardom. She apparently was tired and spent most of her time in seclusion. I stood by her side one afternoon at the ship's shop, where she was examining a cashmere sweater. She strolled about the ship and was kindly and gracious to everyone. She was a guest when we arrived in Havana, of the Tropicana, in which Mr. Nat "King" Cole was performing. They threw the spotlight on her—we sat just a few feet away—and she responded with dignity. It was interesting to see how some of the people on the ship would hover around her stateroom, hoping they could get a glimpse of her. I suppose there are many reasons for this curiosity toward movie stars, most of which concerned me very little. That she is a great star and a great actress cannot be questioned and for that she is entitled to recognition.

There is no space left to go into more details about the trip. I shall be giving them from time to time during the succeeding numbers. We visited Nassau, St. Thomas, the Virgin Islands, the Island of Antigua, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Caracas, Venezuela, Cristobal, the Panama Canal Zone, Kingston, Jamaica and Havana. Each port has its own interest, significance and attractiveness. I shall be telling you more about it subsequently.

* * *

With this issue our Liberalist begins its 33rd year. For 32 years we have never missed a single month. I am grateful to all who have supported our work. We publish twelve sermons for the subscription price, besides all the interesting things which we try to put into each number. Why not send the Liberalist to a friend and thus maintain your interest and support of the work we are trying to do.

I am writing these words before Holy Week, so I cannot tell you of that great period in the life of our church, but in the May number I will write a full account of our Holy Week services and activities which, as I write today, are just ahead. May life's richest blessings be with you and yours always.

Sunday, April 8th, at 4:00 p.m., Dr. Bradley will be preaching at the Vesper Hour Service in the Scottish Rite Cathedral in Cleveland, Ohio. This is a monthly service presented to all the churches of the City of Cleveland. The pulpit of the Peoples Church in Chicago will be occupied by the Reverend Charles Hoskinson, distinguished clergyman of the First Congregational Church of Kewanee, Illinois. Dr. Hoskinson has many Chicago friends for he was Minister of the Warren Avenue Congregational Church here, and Associate Minister of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park.

On Sunday, April 15th, at 3:00 p.m., Dr. Bradley has been asked to preach the Dedication Sermon for the All Faiths Memorial Chapel at Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas. The pulpit on that Sunday will be occupied by the Reverend Dr. William Clyde Donald, II, Minister of Bethel Church, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Dr. Donald is one of the nation's leading ministers, and will be recalled as giving the fine address at Dr. Bradley's 40th Anniversary in the Peoples Church.

These two men will be well worth hearing and it is hoped that the congregations will be maintained during Dr. Bradley's absence. He will return to the pulpit Sunday, April 22nd.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

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EDITORIAL

(From Rev. Waldemar Argow's "The Royal Road to Romance")

IT IS a fallacious notion that color and adventure and romance lie outside of ourselves and that we have to go to the end of the earth to find them, although I am certainly not disparaging the joys, the thrills and the stimulation of world travel. But there is another kingdom where you and I, no matter what our circumstances, our age, or our income, can find the color and adventure and romance for which our spirits hunger. I have reference, of course, to the kingdom of the mind! The tragedy is that for most of us it is a lost kingdom.

Do you know what the chief, distinguishing characteristic of men like Emerson, the Adamses, Madison, Tom Paine, Franklin, Jefferson was? Perhaps the most important single characteristic of these men was the astonishing range and variety of their intellectual interest. Their minds were kingdoms the size of the solar system and, ceaselessly, they scurried about all over those kingdoms investigating, questioning, discovering, and having a barrel of fun in the process. If there was anything that did *not* bother those men it was boredom! If there was any one thing that annoyed them it was the fact that there are only twenty-four hours in every day in which to play around in the mind's kingdom. Men like Emerson and Jefferson and Franklin knew perfectly well where the royal road to romance runs—it runs through the kingdom of the mind, and it is in that kingdom where we are most likely to find so many of the joys and pleasures and satisfactions for which we long.

Helen Keller demonstrates that of the two kingdoms—the external one of sight and sound, and the internal kingdom illumined only by the sunlight of the mind and the spirit—it is the kingdom of the mind which is the more important! For a man cannot live, except as an animal without mind! I thoroughly believe Helen Keller when she says: "I live in my own way the life that you do, and I am as happy as you are!" For everyone who talked with that remarkable creature has testified to the fact that her life was simply crowded with color and music, and with excitement and adventure to the nth degree. She had discovered the real road to romance. It is one of the most blessed discoveries that any human being can ever make.

"ARE YOU GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OUT OF LIFE?"

Sermon by REV. WALDEMAR ARGOW
of
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Sunday, February 19, 1956

OUR sermon subject this morning has been phrased the particular way it is for a special reason. I might have used this subject: Are You Really Getting What You Want Out Of Life? Instead, I have preferred to put the question this way: ARE YOU GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OUT OF LIFE? And I put the matter that way because we Americans have always been regarded as a pretty shrewd and clever people, when it comes to getting our money's worth out of anything! Anybody who could beat an old-time Yankee in trading horses had to be a combination of a devil and a financial genius! Oh, we have our weaknesses, we admit, but when it comes to getting full value—when it comes to getting our money's worth out of anything—why, then you just can't beat us Americans!

You know, I'm not so sure about that! I'm not so sure that a lot of us aren't getting gypped in the greatest value of all, and the tragedy is that *you* and *I* are the ones who are gypping or cheating *ourselves!* What I have in mind is the sobering fact that millions of us Americans aren't *beginning* to get our money's worth out of life! We aren't "finding in" or "giving to" or "getting from" life the precious things that are there! You and I live in the richest country on earth, and yet many of us are the poorest people on earth! On every side we are surrounded by the succulent and sustaining fruits of happiness and fulfillment, and yet a lot of people are starving to death! Nothing is more incongruous about this country today than the fact that life has so much to give us Americans, and yet so many of us are getting so little from it!

We Americans rather remind me of the elderly gentleman over in Switzerland who stopped on his 80th birthday to review his life and do a little arithmetic. He calculated that he had spent 26 years of his life working and 21 years in bed; he had spent 6 years eating, 6 years being angry and five years waiting for people who were late; shaving took up 228 days, scolding his children 26 days, blowing his nose 18 days and lighting his pipe 12 days! Upon reviewing his record, the old gentleman mournfully remarked: "I estimate that I laughed for only 48 hours in all my life!" Now I can't imagine anything more distressing than to come to the end of your life only to find that you had spent 18 days blowing your nose and only 48 hours laughing! I put this matter in a rather humorous fashion but, actually, you know, it's a very serious one!

What are we Americans going to HAVE to do in order to get our money's worth out of life, in order to take advantage of the things that life is just trying to give us—if only you and I will open our hands and our hearts and accept that outlook! It seems to me that we are going to have to do three things. The first is DREAM, the second is BELIEVE and the third is ACT! I think you and I are going to have to do a little dreaming for the reason that the shortest way to get what you want out of life is to *know*

what you want! Now the purpose of dreams is to help us put out ideals together; is to show us what the future might be like; is to reveal to us our "Bali Ha'i"! Remember that wonderful song in SOUTH PACIFIC about an island called "Bali Ha'i", which is the secret paradise that every man longs for? Well, the beautiful thing about dreams is that they show us where our "Bali Ha'i" is, our secret place of heart's desire! In other words, first of all you and I *have* to know what it is that we want out of life! More and more and more, as a consequence of my work in the ministry, I am persuaded that a principle reason for the unhappiness of so many people in our society is the fact that they have never taken time out to figure out what it is that they want from life! They just stumble and bumble and wander and drift along through life like lost babies in a forest. No wonder they don't find happiness—because they have never taken time out to figure out what it is that happiness means, at least to them! After all, before you can get your money's worth out of anything you *have* to know what that thing is worth to you! What do you *really* want out of life? What is it worth to you? What does it look like—and where is it? Where is "Bali Ha'i"? That's the first question we have to answer.

Right here let me add a word of caution. What you want out of life has got to be good for other people too! Only GOOD dreams are worth having! Any ambition that is self-centered, that has no place for other people, almost inevitably turns sour, for the first enemy of happiness is selfishness as, by the same token, the finest friend of happiness is selflessness! And that isn't just a preacher's cliché—it is one of the most fundamental facts of human existence! It is what the greatest mind of our century, Albert Einstein, meant when he said: "Only a life lived for others is a life worth-while!" Furthermore, there is this fact: BE VERY CAREFUL WHAT YOU DREAM, because, good or bad, your dream is probably going to come true! Adolf Hitler dreamed the most ghastly and nightmarish dreams and God knows that dream came only too terribly true! Thirty years ago the men in the Kremlin dreamed a dream of a color-less, soul-less, depersonalized society—and who will say that *that* dream has not come true! More than we ever realize, our dreams do come true, whether for good or whether for bad! And this is why I say: "Decide what you want out of life; dream about it, scheme about it, but make quite sure that it's a good dream and one worth having for the probability is that that dream *is* going to come true!"

Now I know what you're saying at this point—you are making like an Indian and saying " 'How?' How is my life's dream ever going to come true?" The answer to that question involves the second step we have to take in order to get our money's worth out of life. We will get what we want through the magic of believing. The tragedy of most people is that they never learn that incredibly simple fact, because it sounds almost too good to be true! It is a fact that the act of believing is the most powerful, single force upon this earth for transforming human life! And, again, let me remark that this is not a cliché or some sort of fanciful poetic statement. I mean that belief is a force, just as atomic energy or electricity or dynamite is a force! And this is the way that force works. In the first place, as Emerson said, we are born believing. A man bears beliefs, as a tree bears apples. You see, you and I can't *help* believing in something. Now these

beliefs of ours are not static things like pieces of coal in a bin—psychology says that they are more like particles of energy! Whether or not you realize that this is constantly going on inside of you, the fact is that the beliefs you have, whatever they are, are constantly energizing your mind and stimulating your nervous system and making you think and act and react in certain significant ways! You *really are* a self-made man or woman in the sense that the beliefs you have held through the years have made you what you presently are and that may be good and it may be bad, but, anyhow, it's true!

James Allen puts the matter this way. He says: "Dream lofty dreams and, as you dream, so shall you become!" The vision that you glorify in your mind; the ideal that you enthrone in your heart, *this* you will live your life by—*this* you will one day become! John Gunther—whose very important new book INSIDE AFRICA I am going to review a week from next Wednesday night here at the Peoples Church, and I hope you will be here to hear about it because I think it is the most important book that I have read in the past year—says that whenever he visits a foreign country and talks with its leading political personality he always tries to focus on this question: "What are the real sources of power behind this man; what does he believe in most?" You see how very significant that question is? For Mr. Gunther has learned from many years of personal experience with the great and the near-great of our century always to ask one question first: *"What* does this man believe in most?" because Gunther knows that whatever that man believes most deeply is a force that determines history as, in your case and mine, it is a force that, more than anything else, determines what we get out of life!

The second oldest college in America is William & Mary down in Williamsburg, Virginia. Today it's one of the most honored of our educational institutions. Back in 1881, however, because of some financial difficulties resulting from the Civil War the college was obliged to close its doors. Now they probably would have remained closed had it not been for the dauntless belief of the college's President, Dr. Benjamin Ewell. Every morning, for seven years, even though the school was closed, even though there weren't any students at all, every morning, for seven years, Benjamin Ewell used to go out and ring the old school bell. Seven years later the college re-opened and, when it did, a great many people testified that one factor alone was responsible—the dynamic and dauntless belief of Benjamin Ewell! And now, when the old school bell of William & Mary rings out across that lovely Virginia countryside it seems to say to everybody who knows this story: "Dreams *do* come true!" The ideal that you enshrine in your heart; the vision that you enthrone in your mind—this you will live your life by, this you will one day become!

Well, so far this morning we have suggested that the most effective way of getting your money's worth out of life is first of all to dream and, secondly, to believe in your dreams. I have given us a false impression, however, if I have implied that DREAMING and BELIEVING, by themselves, are enough! There is a third and very necessary step we have to take. It's illustrated by a little incident that happened to me last Fall. I was driving along one of our splendid, eighteen-foot Iowa highways,—Mr. Hansen from Iowa, who's here in the congregation, knows only too well what I'm talking about—one afternoon, when all of a sudden a beautiful cock pheasant

stepped out onto the road just ahead of me. Now right away it was obvious that my brakes were not going to stop the car in time! That pheasant could still have escaped with his life, however, if he had done one thing—if he had acted fast enough! But he simply stood there, staring at my on-rushing car for five or six seconds and then, of course, it was too late! There was one less pheasant in the State of Iowa! And I was a little saddened for a while, because that killing I did seemed so pointless and unnecessary. One beautiful ring-neck pheasant died because he didn't act while there was still time to act! As an English poet has written: "There is a time to dream and there is a time to act and, woe betide the man who does the one when he should do the other!" There is a time to act. I think for every man there comes a time when, in order to get what he wants out of life, he has to be willing to drive and discipline and force himself to act —to go out and actually begin to achieve the things that he wants! You know, a good many people fulfill our first two requisites. They pretty well know what they want out of life and they believe in it so that there is energy available. Those people are like a locomotive that knows where it wants to go and that has steam up in its boilers, but one thing more is still required—our third step—somebody has to open the throttle. If you want to get very much of value out of life I don't see how you can avoid taking that third step, for sooner or later there comes a time when you have to stop DREAMING and start ACTING! And I regret to say that the only way I know how to start is TO START!

Just a moment ago we used the analogy of a locomotive with steam up in its boilers ready to go. I wonder if you have any idea of the *terrific* initial thrust of power that is required in order to get a train of one hundred loaded freight cars actually moving! Once the train does begin to move then the engineer doesn't need anywhere near his original power because the sheer momentum of a hundred moving freight cars will almost carry the train along by itself. A tremendous initial effort is required to start a train moving! Now I think very much the same thing is true in our own personal lives! Just beyond, not so very far down the track, are all the things you want in life. If only you will gather all your resources of will-power and drive and determination and will actually *start* making friends or developing your mind or cultivating a more serene spirit or whatever it is that you want out of life, if only you will *start* the train of your life moving and *break* the inertia, then, I think, you will already be half-way to your goal! I have found, as every other author has found, that the hardest page of any book to write is the *first* page! After you have written the first page the book is about two-thirds done! Breaking the inertia and starting is the all-important thing! In this connection I commend to you something that Lord Disraeli once said. He said: "Action may not always bring happiness, but there is *no* happiness without action!" You know, most of the great foundation truths of human life, when you stop to think about them, are really very simple ones: LOVE THY NEIGHBOR; DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO UNTO YOU; Lose your life in God's service and you will find your life! These great commandments may sometimes be difficult to carry out, but they are certainly simple enough to state and to understand! And that's the way I think it is with the principle we have been talking about this morning.

The process of getting what we want

out of life is really a simple one, at least to state and to understand. First of all, it's a matter of dreaming—for, far more than you and I ever realize, our dreams *do* come true! And that is why your dream, my friend, had better be a good one! And how do dreams come true? Partly through the magic of believing, for belief is the most powerful force upon this earth! As a man named Paul once pointed out: "It can even move mountains!" And then there is a corollary of believing—it is called ACTING! It is a matter of taking our DREAMS, being motivated by our BELIEFS and ACTING to make the ideal real and the dream true! To dream, to believe and to act! Sometimes, I know, they are difficult to do, but will you not agree that, in the long run of the years, they are the most wise and dependable way of getting what you really want out of life!

I'd like to tell you, in conclusion, a story—I suppose it's really a legend—of which I'm very fond about an old minstrel who used to wander the byways of our Middle Western country a good many years ago. Now it was commonly believed that this old minstrel could answer any question that was put to him. Usually he came around in the Spring. One day a little boy who was sitting under a tree happened to notice a bird's nest above his head and all of a sudden he had an idea. He thought: "I'll catch a baby bird and hold it in my cupped hands, and I'll go to the minstrel and I'll say 'What do I have here?" If he says 'You have a baby bird!' I'll say 'Is it dead or alive?' If he says 'It's dead!' I'll open my hands and let the bird go, but if he says 'It's alive!', I'll squeeze my hands together and kill the bird!" Well, finally, the old minstrel came to that particular town. With his hands cupped and closed the little boy went up to him and he said: "What do I have here?" The old man looked down and he said: "Why, you have a little bird!" And the boy said: "Is it dead or alive?" The old man said: "Why, it's ali . . .", then he stopped and he thought for quite awhile and finally he said: "Oh no, my boy! You almost caught me! If I had said 'dead' you would have opened your hands and let the bird fly away; if I had said 'alive' you would have crushed your hands together and killed the poor, little thing!" Then the old minstrel said: "My son, that is one question you will have to answer for yourself, for the answer to *that* question, like the answer to all questions, really, is in *your* heart and in *your* hands!" If that old minstrel who used to wander the byways of our Middle Western country were to wander in this church this morning, and if you and I were to ask him this question: "How can we get what we *really* want out of life?" I think I know what his answer would be! I think he would say: "My friends, *that* is one question you will have to answer for yourselves, for the answer to *that* question, like the answer to *all* questions, really, is in *your* hearts and in *your* hands!"

TEACH US TO LIVE AS SEEING THE INVISIBLE

By GREGG CARTER

ONE of the most beautiful and meaningful phrases used in the the services of worship in Liberal Churches is the phrase "teach us to live as seeing the invisible." It is this invisible world which we must see if

our lives are to rise above the level of the purely material. I am going to illustrate it by this true story: In a small midwest town there is a family whom we shall call Westbrook. Mrs. Westbrook is alternately in the state mental hospital and at home with her family of six children, several of whom are feeble-minded. Her home and her children are filthy and unkempt. Mr. Westbrook becomes acutely ill whenever he is offered a job—so the family must depend on State aid. The oldest daughter, Julie Mae, aged 16, entered high school last year. She found school work difficult and became very rebellious, not coming home until very late at night. A number of the boys in high school took advantage of Julie Mae, who bragged about it to the girls in her class. They roundly hated her for it.

The time came to choose the high-school queen. A box was placed in the main corridor of the school building and all were invited to put in the names of nominees. A few days later the principal of the school took the box of nominations into the high school assembly and had the names read one at a time. In utmost cruelty someone had put in Julie Mae Westbrook's name and it was read along with the names of the other girls. Julie Mae was panic-stricken; she knew that she was not pretty, she knew that she was not popular, she knew that she had no clothes to wear, even to be an attendant to the Queen—she was so upset that she went home crying.

Realizing that, without wanting to, he had been in part the instrument of Julie Mae's humiliation, the principal called the boys who had led her astray into his office. I do not know what he said to them or how he said it. This much I do know. When these boys came out of the office, each one of them had come to see the world of invisible meanings. For these boys who had been the willing agents of Julie Mae's shame decided that it was Julie Mae who was to be their high school Queen. And so she was, for they campaigned for her and convinced their fellow-students. She won the election, and was crowned high school queen. Julie Mae took many lovely presents into her poor home—lamps and a toaster, a radio and new dresses, cosmetics and an iron—these she and her family needed. Yet what Julie Mae received was of much more importance than these things: she began to care for her appearance, to be clean and neat. This year for the first time she has begun to have close friends; her school work has improved and she has taken over the care of her family to a great extent. What Julie received was the feeling, for the first time in her life, that she was accepted by the community in which she lived, that she belonged, that she was a person. In understanding this, she is on the road to finding the fulfillment of her life.

All of us are members of communities and all of these partake of the harshness of the town in which Julie Mae lives. In our human relations we are all too often like the group of boys who used Julie Mae as a *thing*. Yet into the lives of each of us, as with them, comes the realization that in addition to the world of things around us; of the market-place, of the activities of the club or even of the church, there is a deeper meaning to life, an invisible world. This invisible world has to do with the tender human feelings to which we must attune the music of our hearts. Jesus called it love of neighbor. We must see it as devotion and loyalty to our family even when our family do not seem lovable; to our friends even when we must question the sincerity of their friendship; to the stranger and to

the alien even when we do not understand his ways.

The community of the invisible world is the family of all those who aspire to it. It knows no bounds of time or place; it speaks a universal language which rises above all dialect. This invisible city is the home of the soul and the dwelling place of all who love. And to reach it we must teach ourselves and each other to live "seeing the invisible."

BOOK CHATS

BEFORE the effects of the Lenten Season have been entirely obliterated do look at a book Julian Messner, Inc. is distributing, written by Alexander Lake. In a way this book is a prayer-experience anthology. Its author for forty years has been collecting authenticated, true, answers-to-prayer stories from all over the world, from every race and creed. This book is the result of his selection from over 2000 such stories. There are stories of those who found hope when all seemed hopeless; found strength when burdens seemed unbearable and found calm in the midst of storm. Even when still in manuscript it began an incredible work of uplifting and inspiring those who came in contact with it. I opened the book at random and read this:

"In New Orleans a few years ago I interviewed a Negro named Tom Seymour because I'd heard that Seymour's prayers were always answered. He was a grey-haired old fellow, and worked in a bakery. I explained to him that I collected prayer stories, and that I'd like to write about him and prayer. He said:

"Why, man, there ain't nothing to write about me. I just got one kind of prayer. That's all—just one kind."

"Maybe your prayer will help others," I said.

"For goodness sakes!" he said. "It's just a little, old prayer. I just look inside me and pray."

"Inside you?"

"Yes, sir. That's where God is—in my heart."

"And your prayer is always answered?"

"Yes, sir. God tells me what He thinks I ought to do. That's all I ask Him. I just say: 'God, you're right there, and You can see what I ought to do, so please tell me.' And He always does. Like right now. I just prayed that God would tell me what to say to you, because you sort of got me flustered—writing about me, and all that."

"You got an answer?"

"Yes, sir. God wants me to say that if people didn't pray so far off, everybody'd always get answered. God wants you to write that He's in everybody's heart—and that's just as close as He can get."

The book is full of fascinating stories, spellbinding experiences. The author writes with simplicity and understanding. It's a wonderful book for the entire family.

There's a "Hot Rod" story about a teen-ager problem! there's a story for the farmers about soil; one about a school teacher who found out how to help one of the problem boys—a beautiful story!

There are excellent quotations here

and there in the book, appropriate to the stories they precede.

I have no hesitancy in saying that whoever you are, you will enjoy and gain real profit from reading YOUR PRAYERS ARE ALWAYS ANSWERED, written by Alexander Lake, and published by Gilbert Press, Inc., Julian Messner, Inc., distributors. $2.95. The publishers tell us that advance readers—bookdealers, ministers, teachers, congressmen, editors—have all written of what absorbing reading each of the stories is in itself, and how deeply the book affected them.

You will find 25 fascinating authenticated stories in this book.

* * *

Because Spring is around the corner—we hope—you will surely want to take a look at THE FIRST BOOK OF GARDENING by Virginia Kirkus (pictures by Helene Carter) published by Franklin Watts, Inc. of New York, $1.95. It will be very difficult to stay on and live in town after thumbing through this attractive, useful book of 69 pages. Never have I seen vegetables, fruits and flowers so temptingly displayed on paper. One wants to start preparing a salad, or picking the tomatoes off the vine, or putting the beets on to cook at once. One wants to start digging up the back yard and experimenting. It may be intended for boys and girls, but oh! how Mother and Dad will delight in pouring over its pages.

The book carries you right through from "So you're going to have a garden!"—with a picture of a gorgeous tree branch dripping leaves down over your head, daffodils popping their heads up through the grass under the tree, ducks swimming in the pond—through planning the garden, with vegetables in the center and blooming flowers out at the edges—"Musts"—planning the garden—"seed catalogs will help"—buying the seeds—then your vegetables are all pictured, healthy green, crisp, deliciously fresh looking—from onions to flowers, to sunshine to tools—even the care of tools, with a chart for where and how to hang them on a garage or shed wall; what to plant early and what late—thinning, helping to grow, pinching off, fighting the plants' enemies—harvest time and gardening in the fall, until the final heading—"It's been fun, hasn't it?"

The book is pretty as a picture; not just the outer paper flap, but the actual book cover itself is an exact copy, color and all, of the attractive wrapper. Any young boy or girl, teen-ager or mature oldster would love to pour over this book from now until the frost is out of the ground.—The First Book of Gardening.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT IS March 9th as I prepare this copy for the Mail Bag. On Sunday, March 18, the Peoples Church will celebrate the 44th Anniversary of its existence and of Dr. Bradley's pastorate. With this April number of *The Liberalist* we begin Volume XXXIII, Number I of our

monthly magazine. For those who have kept their issues from that first volume (Volume I, Number I, April, 1924) with the picture of the Pantheon Theatre on its cover, it will be interesting to pick up that first volume and look at the magazine's beginning 32 years ago, and at the theatre which housed our Church in those early days. In that first number of that first volume we speak of a new innovation in the church service—a Chorus Choir.

With this first number of the thirty-third volume of *The Liberalist* we can record another innovation—a beautiful electric carillon, to be dedicated at the morning service Sunday, March 11, 1956. Dr. Bradley will have returned to his Sunday pulpit from the West Indies Cruise which he and Mrs. Bradley took on HMS "Mauretania." They arrived in New York on March 6th, and in Chicago the morning of March 7th, in time for Dr. Bradley's Wednesday evening book lecture.

Gratitude for the spiritual growth of our Church and our *Liberalist* are uppermost in our minds as this issue goes to press! Gratitude for the influence of our radio services now in their 32nd year!

As we evaluate our growth and progress over the years would any of us want to go back and begin all over again? Probably not. Very few people look back upon their own personal birthday and desire to start all over again. Rather are we more often grateful for the lessons the experience of the years has brought us. We look forward to the great possibilities on the road ahead. We look with hope and joy to the tasks each day will bring, confident the reserves we have built up will sustain and guide us to greater victories and a larger, fuller life.

For ourselves we aspire to greater faith in our own ability to acquire that calm and adequate maturity where we can look the whole world in the face and greet the unseen with a cheer.

For our church building, we dream of a mural and a fully paid up edifice, in order that we may the better serve Uptown Chicago and its Community needs.

May we build from the spiritual foundation of this Church continued growth in stature, in true liberality of thinking, in love for our fellowman wherever he may be, and in enlightened service to God and all mankind. And now we open the Mail Bag:

From a dear friend of Dr. Bradley's, the Rev. Dr. Frazer-Hurst, of Belfast, North Ireland, came this wholly delightful letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have been reading with great interest the copies of *The Liberalist* which you were good enough to send me, and your kindly references to myself in the October issue took me by surprise. I wondered how you could imagine that such details about a totally unknown person would interest your readers. Yet, when I had read several numbers, I began to realize that your church must be a kind of Christian fireside, radiating warmth and hospitality, and letting the glow of friendliness reach out to other lands, and to people unknown except through your good self. And so, as kindness begets kindness, I have begun to take quite an interest in your wonderful church and its membership, and since you have introduced me to your readers, I would like to send them a message of good will expressed with Irish cordiality, and to let them know that

through their minister, the Peoples Church of Chicago conveys a message of Christian fellowship and encouragement to those in other lands.

I am sure that this was how the church grew and prospered in its early days. Gifted men, full of Christian zeal and graciousness of spirit, went from place to place and formed a living link between communities far apart from each other. You, Dr. Bradley, are just such a link, and I hope you will allow me to say to your members that your visists to Europe are greatly appreciated, and that wherever you go you win friends both for yourself and for the Peoples Church of Chicago.

May God's blessing rest on all your own work, and on the worship and witness of your church.

Yours most sincerely,

D. Frazer-Hurst.

* * *

Now, from the Office of the Mayor of the City of Chicago:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Thank you for the pleasure and inspiration I derived from the article in your Church bulletin in which you pay just and wonderful tribute to the work of the American and Chicago Heart Associations— a great and necessary cause that deserves to succeed.

Thank you also for your kind reference to me in your article, and all good wishes to you in your many worthy endeavors for the betterment of our community.

Sincerely yours,

Richard J. Daley, Mayor

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You will never know how much I enjoy your wonderful sermons and what an uplift they give to me. I am a widow, all alone, except for friends, but I have a beautiful Collie dog who is my companion. I do not have to leave my home to find happiness, for the Wabash River is right across the road from my home and the sunrise on the Wabash is beautiful. Some people, in their search for happiness, miss the bluebird which nests in the tree outside the kitchen window. God bless you!

Sincerely,

Mrs. A. G. Schesley,

Lafayette, Indiana

* * *

From the British Home in Brookfield, Illinois, Jenny Llewellyn Smith writes:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for the February *Liberalist* which contains my poem, "The Atlantic Ocean," and a good cover picture of Lincoln, which I appreciate very much, as I have just finished reading Irving Stone's book, "Love is Eternal," the romance of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd, which is the most beautiful book I have read in a great while, and so well written. You have probably read it.

Re my "Atlantic Ocean" poem, do you happen to remember if you crossed the ocean in 1950; because that would have been a good motive for my writing such a poem. At the same time I wrote a companion one called "The Hurricane."

I was visiting my son in Florida, and had the awful experience of living through a hurricane, which was the motive for this second poem. My son still lives in Florida. I didn't care for it.

Here we publish "The Hurricane."

To rightly gauge the elemental power
That hurls the wind a hundred miles an hour,
And lays in ruins works of God and man,
Destroying many a noble city's plan—

Walk through the wreckage of a hurricane;
See homes demolished, fruit and cattle slain;
Trees lying prostrate, stricken by the power
Of this infuriate wrestler, this aerial mower.

See where its path through ocean ways lies deep,
Stirring to mountain height great waves that leap
And rush in fury to the distant shore,
Breaking upon the strand with shattering roar,

Then meditate upon this unseen power
That drives the wind a hundred miles an hour.

* * *

From the Publisher and Editor of *Polio Living* Magazine, of Bloomington, Illinois, comes the following letter of gratitude, because of Dr. Bradley's address:

Dear Doctor Bradley :

I have delayed writing to you in order to be able to tell you more of the results of our dinner meeting and your very wonderful help.

First of all I want to again thank you for your help. Since you were here I have the feeling that things are going easier and that our momentum has increased tremendously. We have gained several more people, influential ones, who are going to help us solicit for funds. In addition to getting donations we are making it possible for persons to loan us money at 6% to be repaid if and when we have a profit. What is your experience with this type of thing?

Don't forget to send me your bulletin as I am anxious to see it and to use items from it in POLIO LIVING.

Raymond C. Cheever.

* * *

And these two short messages from the Rev. Dr. Fred Hoskins of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

I am so happy with the action taken at the meeting of the Advisory Board yesterday. Your statement was one of the most inspiring I have heard on any occasion. You did us much good and will be a continuing blessing to us all.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

That was a beautiful and helpful address you brought to the Congregational Ministers Union yesterday. It warmed our hearts and gave us much encouragement. It was wonderfully good, too, to have you there as "one of us."

Faithfully yours,

Fred Hoskins.

* * *

And on the same subject, the following expression from Judge Julius H. Miner, of the Circuit Court of Cook County:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

I congratulate you heartily on your "dual fellowship" religious position which was fully described in yesterday's press. We need more like you for a better understanding with God and fellowman.

Sincerely,

Julius.

* * *

And, because it's Spring, I just must add this, inspired by a prose writing of Nicholas Breton in 1626:

APRIL

The nightingale attunes her throat
Against the month of May;
The bees awake and humming make,
The trout begins to play.

March lambs look up and greet the sun,
The turtles bill and coo,
The dewdrop hangs upon the grass,
The brooks the rivers woo.

The Cosset lamb has learned to butt,
March colts begin to play;
And poets wander far afield
To hear the Lark's sweet lay.

E.W.S.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY

1—Address. Our Saviour's Church, Albert City, Iowa. Buena Vista County Soil Conservation District.

2—Address. Uptown Lions Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Address. Lombard Service League. High School Auditorium. Lombard, Illinois.

3—Sick Call.

Two funerals.

4—Funeral.

5—Two Services. Peoples Church.

6—Address. Public Utilities Buyer's Group. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Address. Advertising Men's Post. American Legion. Henrici's.

Three funerals.

7—Reception and Banquet, University Club, to Dr. and Mrs. David D. Henry, new President University of Illinois.

8—Address. District Meeting, Kiwanis International, North Park Hotel.

Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

9—Address. National Convention of Xesto Assn.

Broke ground for Bazazian Branch of Library.

10—Sick calls.

Address. Temple Beth El. Hammond, Indiana. Brotherhood meeting.

11—Wedding.

12—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Lincoln's Birthday.

Annual Brotherhood Service in evening.

13—Address. Wesleyan Memorial Center. Normal University, Bloomington, Illinois.

14—Address. Annual Dinner. Rogers Park Congregational Church.

15—Book Lecture.

16—Address. Woman's Club. Paris, Ill.

17—Left for New York and West Indies Cruise.

Rev. Waldemar Argow carried on for Dr. Bradley during his absence.

18—Two Services. Peoples Church.

21—Funeral.

22—Funeral call.

Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

23—Sick calls.

25—Funeral.

Christening.

26—Two Services. Peoples Church.

29—Funeral.

Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

WEDDINGS

11—Beverly Moore and Tom Wooden

CHRISTENINGS

25—Hollis Donna Webber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Webber

FUNERALS

3—Mrs. Clara Jennings

Dr. Emil Miller

4—Barth A. McWilliams

6—Dora Vaughan

Mrs. Everett Anderson

Mrs. Elizabeth Hilland

21—Charles Overell

22—Alan H. Hibbard

25—Mrs. Mildred Zelosky

29—David Stanley Middleton

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
Sunday Evening Service (from November to Easter).....7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (from November to Easter).....8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, April 2nd, the Art Department of the Woman's Club. Program to be announced. Chairman, Mrs. R. A. Pellage and Mrs. S. J. Brickley. Hostesses: Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Mrs. J. A. Goode and Mrs. W. Kroll.....1:00 p.m.
Monday, April 16th, Annual Election of Officers and Annual Reports of Officers and Chairmen .....1:00 p.m.
Monday, April 30th, Spring Luncheon, Belmont Hotel, Belmont and Sheridan. Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest Speaker. Music by MacDowell String Trio: Dorothy Rice Morrow, violinist; Marilynn Welker Kinzer, pianist; Marie Dock Palmer, cellist. Make reservations early with church office, LOngbeach 1-6878.....12:30 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, April 10th, presenting Chicago Lighting Institute in a Lecture-Demonstration, "From Flame to Fluorescence," and in addition the movie "Eager Minds." Speaker, Mr. Kerr Sanders, Lighting Engineer with Chicago Lighting Institute. Men and women invited. Refreshments. No admission charge.....8:00 p.m.
Men's Club—Tuesday, April 24th, Sports Night—Lou Fonseca's Baseball pictures. Honored guests, sports celebrities. Men only.....8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*
Channing Club, as announced, Anderson Hall.....8.00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday. New Members Welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.
Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

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